

*J. Burns*

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XV.]

Saturday, October 10. ....1812.

[NO 25.]

DOMESTIC MISERY ;  
OR THE  
VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

Maria then turned her steps to the more friendly mansion of the humble Lucy. She had not gone far, before she heard a light step tripping towards her, and pronouncing fatteringly her name. Turning round, it proved to be Amelia Arnold, who, without saying one word, seized her hand, pressed it to her lips, forced a parcel into it, and as suddenly retired. Arrived at Lucy's, Maria opened the paper she had just before received and found it contained twenty guineas, inside was written, but almost illegible from tears, "This for my dear Maria—I dare say no more!" This sum had been taken by Amelia from the money allotted for her wedding clothes, and it relieved the mind of Maria, who was not prepared to except such a mark of favour and pity from the daughter of the man who had condemned her humble application. But Amelia and her goodness were soon absorbed in the idea of her father, and her scheme re-occupied her mind. Having learned that the governors were to meet

at the bedlam on the following day, she resolved to address them by a note, notwithstanding Mr. Arnold might be her enemy. This note Lucy undertook to deliver, and to their great surprise, Mr. Arnold promoted the delivery of it. The heart of this gentleman, though it appeared of hard materials, was in effect otherwise. He had rejected the suit of Maria more from duty than inclination. He was the father of several daughters, and was very tenacious of any communication taking place with one whose character was polluted; added to which, his eldest daughter, Amelia, was going to be married to the son of a very strict and pious old lady, then on a visit at his house, who might have conceived a prejudice against her future daughter in law, if he had admitted the fallen Maria. He had also an eye to the opinion of the world, to which he often sacrificed in contempt of his better judgement. He felt very much heart at the harshness he had been compelled to use towards Maria, and when the ingenuous Amelia told him of the gift she had bestowed, his applause was ready to burst from his lips at the moment he forbade any future communica-

tion between them, and seconded it by the narrow council, that the world would talk largely, if her conduct were known. It is not surprising then that having an opportunity of obliging her, without injuring himself, he promoted her request with the governors, and at the same time dreaded to see Maria before the board, who might tell to the world his unfeeling behaviour.

Maria had borrowed of Lucy the dress of a respectable maid servant, when summoned to attend the governors, and had prepared her mind to expect that severity which her misconduct had deserved, but in this instance she was disappointed. They all knew that when in her prosperity she had never assumed a consequence, and that she had not been more admired than beloved. An interesting silence took place when she entered. Every one present stole a glance at the altered Miss Allanby, and beheld with pity the ravages which remorse and anguish had made in her form,—that form which all had followed with delight through the dance, gazing on the endless varieties of her taste in dress, and listening with rapture to the mellow sounds of her voice. They turned their thoughts into their own families, and prayed heaven to keep their daughters from the voice of the seducer. Whatever harsh resolutions might have been formed, they all vanished at the sight of

her humiliated contrite appearance. At last the president said, "Pray be seated, Miss Allanby;" and Mr. Arnold, placing a chair near the fire, desired Maria to occupy it. She was not proof against this unexpected kindness, but hastily turning to the window, she gave vent to her feelings in a flow of tears. On being desired to explain to the board the nature of her application, she addressed them in a low and faltering voice, but became more assured as she recollected the importance of her suit, and received encouragement to proceed. She related all that had befallen her in as concise a manner as possible, from the time of her leaving Talbot to the rencontre with her father in the forest, and his being torn from her by the keepers. The tears of her auditors increased with her story, and when her narrative was ended she proceeded thus. "Gentlemen I now come to the reason of my troubling you. From the impression the sight of me made on my father, I feel a conviction that I could, by being constantly with him, restore him to his proper mind: to effect this purpose, I wish to become a servant into the house. Even if I should not succeed, it will give him pleasure to see me near him, and pour a balm into the heart and conscience of one whose future days ought to be employed in alleviating the misery her sins have occasioned. Ah! should heaven be pleased to further my efforts in restoring his rea-



son, how exquisite will be my satisfaction in labouring to maintain him !

The governors saw several objections to this plan which had never entered into the mind of Maria ; they rejected the idea of her being a servant, but complied with that part of her request, which asked permission to see him ; and, having consulted the medical attendants of the house, an order was made that she should be admitted during two hours every morning and evening to see Allanby. Broken words and inarticulate emotions were all the thanks Maria could give for this unexpected indulgence. " It will be a duty with us," said the president, as the friends of your poor father, to provide for the future support of his daughter."—Maria urged that she meant to provide for herself and child by her manual industry, and should be happy, if in fulfilling the duties of a mother, she could make some amends for having violated those of the daughter. The president now pressed her to receive some temporary assistance till she could act for herself ; but Maria declined the kindness, urging that she had already received relief from an amiable female, which she had accepted because she would not heart a benevolent heart by a refusal, and that henceforth she would possess no other portion but her own industry. She then curtsied to the gentlemen, and withdrew, leaving

them all deeply impressed by her relation, and ready at any future time to carry their good wishes into effect, when the strong impression made by meeting her father in the forest should have been weakened by time and occupation.

From the board-room Maria hastened to put in force the indulgence just obtained, and was immediately conducted to Allanby's cell. He was standing with his back to the door, drawing, with a piece of black charcoal, a coffin on the wall, on which he wrote the name of Maria.—A heavy sigh, which involuntarily escaped her, made him turn round, and at sight of her he started, and looked with the same wildness he had done in the forest. After regarding her for a few moments, he resumed his employment, while Maria, overcome by her feelings, threw herself on his bed, and burst into tears. Seeing her cry, he patted her cheek, as he had done before, and saying ' Poor thing,' fixed his eye inquisitively on her countenance, then turning from her, as she pressed his hands to her lips, he muttered to himself, ' Dead for all that !' In a few seconds, he asked her to take a walk with him, to see his daughter's grave : taking her under his arm he led her to the garden, and smiled as if he felt a secret satisfaction which he could not communicate. At the end of the garden walk, he suddenly stopped, and began to

sing that beautiful air of Handel's 'Tears such as tender fathers shed,' which Maria had often enraptured him with. He ceased at the end of the first line, and saying he could not proceed, asked her to finish it.—With a sorrowing heart she took up that part that remained, and when she had done, he desired her to repeat the song again. He then made her repeat the words, the last line of which ran, 'For joy to think when I am dead, My son will have mankind his friend.' 'Not my son' cried Allanby, 'but my girl will have mankind her friend!—This was the way I once sang it to my daughter. Oh! she sung it so sweetly!—but she sings now in heaven!—Come, let us go look for her grave!' He then ran vacantly about the garden, and returning to her, asked 'if she would leave him.' Maria assured him she would not, and he looked delighted. In a moment after, he stroked her cheek, and looking earnestly at her, 'Oh! what a bloom she had!—but you are pale, very pale!—Sing again; once more the 'Tears. Maria complied, and when she had finished his only remarks were, 'She sang better than you, but she is gone!' He then relapsed into a total indifference to every thing around him, and again the newly formed hopes of Maria vanished.

The keeper now informing her it was time to depart, she seized her father's hand, and wishing

God might bless him, rose to depart. Allanby, on seeing the motioned to go, ran after her as fast as his irons would permit, exclaiming, 'Oh! do not go, do not leave me!' Maria felt great pleasure at the comfort her presence seemed to give him, and before he could make up to detain her by force, she ran through the house, and the great door was closed upon her. As Maria quitted the building she looked up, while the mingled sounds of lunatic grief and joy saluted her ears, and thought on the melancholy abode of her father, placed there by his over fondness for an errant and undutiful daughter. The recollection was almost too much for her, till the pleasure which repentance and his amendment might afford, balanced the dreadful retrospect, and by the time she had arrived at Lucy's door, the sad composure of her mind was restored. Her countenance wore a less dejected aspect than on her setting out, and so much was she absorbed in the pleasing anticipation of her father's convalescence, that she scarcely returned the carasses of her child. 'I have seen him!' she exclaimed, as she turned to Lucy, 'and he almost knew me!—Soon he will quite know me; then will he learn all, and I shall be happy!' Lucy at first was rather alarmed for her intellects, till Maria explained her plans and hopes, which Lucy had too much humanity to discourage. 'But now,' said Maria, 'let us consult upon



my future means of gaining a livelihood ;' and finding that Lucy kept a day school, and took in snawl work, a considerable manufacture for which was carried on in the town, it was agreed that she should procure some of that kind of work for Maria, and that a small back room in the little dwelling should be fitted up for her use.

When the governors returned home, they were cautious of mentioning the penitent sinner as a subject of praise in their own families, and gave short evasive answers to the enquiries that were made there. Not so Mr Arnold, who thought it a justice due to his daughters' sympathy to inform her of what had transpired at the board, but from which he was just then prevented from a large party being at dinner. During dinner a lady asked Amelia whom she intended for her bride-maids. This awakened a painful recollection in her mind, for it had been time back agreed between her and Maria, that whoever should be first married, was to have the other for bride-maid. It was some time before Amelia could trust her voice to answer the question. 'I shall have no one but my sister,' replied Amelia. 'I wish to have no other now.' Then, looking at her father, she saw his eyes full of tears, which he further concealed by quitting the room.

Mr. Arnold was a parent, and so was Allanby ; but his paternal

care and fondness had never equalled that of Allanby ; nor had his daughter attained to perfection with the beauty, the accomplishments, and esteem, which had marked Maria ; yet Amelia was going to aggrandize his family, and Maria had dis-raced her's : she was happy, Maria miserable : he was in affluence, Allanby in a mad house ! Amelia followed her father, and after he had vented his tears and thanksgivings for the happier state of his family. Amelia heard his description of Maria's narration before the governors. Amelia urged to her father, that he must be Maria's advocate with the world ; and wherever he heard her name mentioned, he ought to avow the poor penitent's reformation and contrition. 'You speak from the warmth of youth,' replied her father ; 'but experience will teach you that no one can with impunity contravene the opinions of the world.' 'The world,' replied Amelia, 'is willing to do the poor Maria justice, if, while you descant on the enormity of her crime, you also relate the deep sense she entertains of it, and the excellence of her present intentions. Suppose the world should think you too lenient a judge, will not the approbation of your own conscience be an ample consolation for such a condemnation ?' 'Enough, enough !' cried Mr. Arnold, who had a strong conviction that Amelia was right ; 'what would the world say if it were to hear you lecturing your

father?; I hope the world will treat me with severity, when it hears me trying to exalt my own wisdom by doubting my father's.' Mr. Arnold involuntarily clasped her to his bosom, and exclaimed, 'Poor Allanby!'—And poor Maria too!' retorted Amelia. 'When I leave my paternal roof, it will be my parting request that you do all the kindness you can to my once honoured friend.' Mr. Allanby said, in doing this he should indulge himself! and then, contented with each other, they returned to the company.

(*To be Continued.*)

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

MR. EDITOR,

It is astonishing yet amusing, to behold with what application and facility our bucks of the first class, ape the manners, gestures, and gait of any stranger who arrives in town, whose actions &c. they fancy are stylish (as they denominate it, though whence, or how they acquired the word, I am at a loss to conjecture, though perhaps it may be borrowed) from one they learn a gesture, from another a motion of the head, from a third a fantastic gait &c. and they have recently acquired a gesture which surpasses all others in killing elegance (as the Ladies term it) which they have learnt of a pedantic, supercilious son of Gallia (or gawl) videlicet, swinging the arm when walking, which, for the instruction of those who

may be ignorant of this elegant accomplishment, I will describe it.

The arms must be thrown violently back, till they are almost parallel with the shoulder, and remain extended horizontally until the next step when they must be brought forward with a sudden jerk till the hand comes in contact with the olfactory organ, to the great endangering of that prominent feature, unless the action is preformed with great care and skill, (but what gentleman would regret breaking his nose, to acquire so elegant an accomplishment?) thus must the arms be thrown alternately back and forward with every step, since, however, this elegant art can only be acquired by close and intensive study I am hereby authorized by Monsieur, respectfully to inform the gentlemen of Newark and New York, that he intends shortly to open a school in the former place entitled "The Gentlemen's swinging academy. Where this fine and graceful art will be taught with precision and elegance, in all its various gestures, and the ungraceful lounge's swing will be completely erased and annihilated.

LANGDON & Co.

Newark, Sept 28, 1812.

N. B. The above mentioned, graceful art has been lately imported from France. L. & CO.

EPIGRAM.

'This rain,' says John, 'will raise the corn and every thing to life.'

'No, God forbid!' cries Hodge; 'you know I lately lost my wife.'



## THE SPECULATIVIST.

## NO. I.

*Ille quoque res morti nos alienat, quod hæc jam novimus. illa ad quæ transituri sumus nescimus qualia sint. Et horremus ignota. Naturalis præterea tenebrarum metus est in quas adductura mors creditur.* SEN. Epist. 83

'Distrust and darkness of a future state,  
Is that which makes mankind to dread  
their fate,  
Dying is nothing but tis this we fear,  
To be we know not what, we know not  
where.'

The certainty of death is so hourly evinced, that one cannot, without surprise, observe the indifference of the event. They treat it as something at a distance, and forget that not a moment passes but many of their species resign their last breath to its original author. Nay, when the solemn knell announces the departure of some neighbouring, long known friend, and puts them in mind of their own speedy mortality, a downcast look, which vanishes with the succeeding day, or perhaps an involuntary sigh in the whole sorrow expressed on the trying occasion. The Deity wisely ordained, that death should not at all times dwell upon our recollection, and disturb our worldly avocations, for then the duties of life, incumbent on us in our respective situations to perform, would have been entirely neglected, and the ends of our being rendered nugatory and ineffectual but it is certain from the sacred writings, that he never intended

the fear of death should be so totally erased by an intention to worldly objects, as to be thought of only upon a bed of sickness, or occasionally, as a disagreeable occurrence to the memory. For it is necessary, and to us (as creatures designed for immortality) the most essential consideration that can engage our study. It is an opening to a vast unknown scene—the entrance into two states, where all mankind must take up an eternal residence—the one abounding with every felicity possible for us as immortal beings to experience—the other surrounded with darkness and inexpressible misery. Revelation and our own reason so fully confirm this belief, that the most daringly infamous are ashamed to own a contrary doctrine: and though the world has produced monsters of impiety who have not blushed to propagate the most erroneous and abandoned tenets, yet on a near prospect of death, their cowardly souls have shrunk from their assumed greatness, and made them secretly confess what they had before publicly affected to deny. To live well, and to act in conformity to the precepts of the Divinity, is the only possible means to leave the world in comfort. The real Christian sees with rapture a glorious immortality, and longs to rid himself of a cumbersome body to attain the completion of his promised bliss; but very different is the situation of the man of the world!—Scared and confounded

at his past conduct, he is tired of existence, and wishes for total annihilation—he sees an eternity before him, but he sees it with horror—he shrinks back at the unwelcome view, and laments, without relief, that he had not early in life obeyed the dictates of his now accusing conscience. I will not follow him into another world, nor presume to pass sentence upon his guilty head—the reader will make his own reflections. But perhaps he will only criticise upon my observations, and urge the impropriety of introducing any thing so serious in a periodical publication.—But if he will recollect the importance of the matter before him to every individual, and that the *Lady's Miscellany* has a very extensive circulation, and is *disseminated* (as it is fashionably termed) by men who *know life*, and scarce ever think of any thing but the pleasure of it—he will probably acquit me of my singular indelicacy—collect the short hints I have given him—and present the public next week with a more copious investigation of the subject.

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SELECTED.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

BIOGRAPHY OF  
HANNAH SNELL.

Having taken all the prudent measures imaginable, for the accomplishment of her wishes, she

very ingenuously communicated the important secret to the young woman, with whom she had formed an intimate and sincere affection. Her friend expostulated with her for some time, on the dangers to which she would be exposed, in case of her being taken, but finding her resolution was fixed furnished her with money. No sooner had she taken her final adieu of her affectionate friend, than she commenced her journey on foot, for Portsmouth. When she had got about a mile out of Carlisle, she observed some people picking and bagging peas in a field; observing their clothes lay at a distance, she pulled off her regimental coat, left it there and took an old coat in exchange, belonging to one of the men, after which she proceeded on her journey. She was about a month in travelling from Carlisle to Portsmouth; and soon after re-enlisted as a marine, in Col. Fraser's regiment. She had not belonged to the regiment above three weeks, before a draft was made, to go on board Admiral Boscawen's Fleet for the East Indies; many of those who were drafted, found means to desert, and in consequence she received an order to repair on board the *Swallow* sloop of war, Captain Rosier, to join the expedition. While on board she made herself remarkable by her dexterity and address. She readily washed and mended the lines of her mess-mates, or cooked for them if required; by these little good offices



cheerfully and frequently performed, she distinguished herself so far that Mr. Wyegate, one of the lieutenants of the marines, took particular notice of her, and begged in a very friendly manner, she would become one of their mess, which offer was easily accepted, and she soon became a great favorite among the crew of the sloop. In case of an engagement she was to be stationed upon the quarter deck; and as one of the afterguard, her business was to fight, and do what mischief she could with the small arms they had on board, so that she was always in readiness in case of an attack. Young as she was, she was obliged to keep watch every other four hours; and though never on board a ship before, through her natural intrepidity, and peculiar sprightliness, she became, with very little instruction, a *little* tar of great note. As dangers and difficulties once surmounted are seldom reflected on; and as poor Hannah could not prove so happy as to meet with her perfidious husband, she was determined, if possible, to acquire some honor in the expedition, and distinguish herself by her intrepid behaviour. A favorable opportunity soon presented itself, for after they had sailed from the Cape, they arrived before Morus, where they commenced their first attack.—Our heroine, though little better than a recruit, exerted herself so far that she procured the love and esteem of all her comrades. This

attack, however, proved but of short duration, for the Admiral finding their utmost efforts altogether ineffectual, and having a tender regard for his men, as well as his ships, abandoned the place, and set sail directly for Fort. St. David's, where they arrived short after. At this fort the Marines were disembarked, and having joined the English army, in about three weeks they arrived at Arcacopong, where they immediately encamped, with a firm resolution to lay siege to the place and if possible, take it by storm. This adventure animated our heroine afresh, and gave her a fairer opportunity than before, of displaying her intrepidity and thirst after glory; and she embraced it in so distinguished a manner, that she gained the admiration and applause of all her officers. For nine days successively, they carried on the siege, and met with a very vigorous repulse; but on the 10th, a shell from the English falling very fortunately on the enemy's magazines, they blew up immediately, by which means they were reduced to the necessity of surrendering at discretion. Having marched within three miles of Pondichery they encamped; Admiral Boscawen at that time being both there Admiral and General. Here Major Mountpleasant, the General, and the rest of the officers, in the council of war, came to a resolution of storming the place. In order to proceed with vigor, the ships commenced a heavy fire

upon the fort ; but during this attack the army was middle deep in water in their trenches. This bold attack lasted eleven weeks successively, and for the greatest part of the time they were without bread, and subsisted chiefly on rice. During the siege our army suffered very considerably from the enemy's incessant fire of bombs and shells. James Gray (for that was the name she assumed) was one of the party that was ordered under Lieutenant Campbell, of the Independent companies, landed out of the fleet ; to fetch up some stores from the water side, in which service she had several skirmishes, and upon one of her comrades falling dead by her side, she levelled her piece and killed the enemy ; and shortly after fought by the side of the brave Lieutenant when he fell. She was also on the first party of the English foot who forced the river, to get over to Pondichery in doing which she was obliged to wade through the water breast high, while the French kept an incessant fire upon them, from a battery of twelve guns. She was also put on the piquet guard, and continued on that duty seven nights successively ; and was one of the party who lay two days and night without any covering, in going through the barrier ; and as she was likewise put on duty in the trenches, during the siege, she was obliged to sit or stand middle deep in water. At the throwing up of the trenches, she worked

very hard for about 14 days, and was paid five cents per day. During all this time our heroine still maintained her wonted integrity, and behaved in every respect consistent with the character of a brave British soldier. She fired during the engagement no less than thirty seven rounds, and received six shots in her right leg, and five in the left ; and what was still more painful a dangerous one in her groin. Distressed in her mind, lest the surgeons should discover the wound in her groin, and consequently her sex, which she was determined to conceal, she communicated the secret to a black woman, who attended her, and who had access to the surgeon's medicines, and begged her assistance. Her pain now became very acute ; and through the assistance of the black woman, who brought her lint, salve, &c. she endeavored to extract the ball ; by probing the wound with her finger, till she could feel the ball, after which she thrust in her finger and thumb, and pulled it out. This was a painful operation ; but she was obliged to brave every difficulty rather than expose her sex, and in a little time she made a perfect cure.

*(To be Concluded next week.)*

*The EDITOR to his PATRONS.*

As the fifteenth volume of the Ladies Miscellany, will close on the eighteenth day of October next, the Editor thinks proper to



address a few words to his numerous patrons in this city, and elsewhere; as well to express his thanks for the past liberal encouragement and assistance of his friends, as to inform them of the objects he has in view, with regard to his establishment in future.

It is now Eleven years, since the Ladies Miscellany (under different titles) first made its appearance in this city, with various success; yet that success even at its lowest ebb, has always been sufficient to keep the paper afloat, so that it has not at any time been so liberally patronized, as to enrich any of its proprietors. The latter consideration, has for a time past, been the means of compelling the present Editor, in some measure to neglect the paper, more perhaps than in justice to his subscribers it ought to have been—in order that by his attention to other branches of his business he might be enabled to acquire that support for his family, which was denied him in his Editorial capacity, and as he cannot with propriety think of issuing a paper, which (from his other avocations) is prevented from receiving the necessary care and support it requires, the Editor, has concluded to offer the establishment for SALE.—At the close of the present volume.

Should the Editor, however, not meet with a purchase to suit him, he has engaged with a Gentleman

in this city, of respectable talents, to undertake the conduction of the paper to commence with the next volume.

And in case the latter arrangement should take place, the subscribers to the Miscellany may rest assured of receiving universal satisfaction. As no pains or expence will be spared in rendering it a complete vehicle of useful and entertaining knowledge; as not only the original talents of the above mentioned Gentleman, will be bestowed upon the paper, but copious extracts will enrich its columns, from the best and most approved authors extant, and he has it in his power from a well stored library, and, an extensive correspondence, to render the Ladies Miscellany, one of the most valuable and instructive works of the kind in the United States.

The Editor feels a consciousness, that should the paper still remain in his hands, his former patrons and the public at large, will not let him be a sufferer from the expensive arrangements he has made to usher in the subsequent volume of this work with that respect which he confidently expects it will be hitherto be entitled to. Nor can he be prevailed upon, to believe, that the citizens of New-York, will permit laudable and virtuous exertions to go unrewarded or literary merit and talents, to be treated with contempt and frigid neglect.

SAMUEL B. WHITE.

New-York 5th September 1812

## VARIETY.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## HORNS.

As the restoration of Charles II. Dr. Bull afterwards bishop of St. David's, who had zealously supported the royal cause in the time of the rebellion, was presented by the king with the grant of his former living, which the chancellor Hyde made some difficulty to confirm. The doctor found his pocket exhausted by this delay, but being a man of wit, and knowing the king's humour, he took occasion one day to tell him, that he just had his pocket picked, and had not a shilling left. 'Well,' said the king, and can't you tell the thief? 'Why,' replied Bull, 'If I may speak the truth I have caught you majesty's hands in it,' and out he pulled the grant. "Cod's fish!" says the king, "are you not yet presented to your living?" "No," answered Bull, 'nor ever shall with your chancellor's leave.' On this the king gave him a grant of a better preferment, which was then vacant, with a prematory order to the chancellor to present him. When he waited on his lordship, the chancellor asked him his name "Bull," answered he. Bull! says the chancellor; "were are your horns?" 'Please your honour,' replied Bull, 'the horns always go along with the Hyde.'

## ANECDOTE.

## OF COUNSELLOR DUNNING.

The day after Dr. Price published his pamphlet on the National Debt &c. the late duke of Cumberland being walking in Westminster Hall in company with counsellor Dunning, met the Dr. and thinking it necessary to pay a compliment, told him, that he had read his book with so much delight and sat up so late to finish it, that it had almost blinded him. 'Rather singular,' said Dunning, 'that it should have such an effect on your royal highness, for it has opened the eyes of every body else.'

A FRENCH DEFINITION OF A WHIG  
AND A TORY.

'Pray Monsieur de Vergennes,' said the late king of France one day at his levee, 'what do you take to be the difference between a whig and a tory?'—'Please your majesty,' replied the minister, 'I conceive the difference to be merely nominal—the Tories are Whigs when they want places, and the Whigs are Tories when they have got them.'

## A CHANGE IN THE STYLE.

On a very dark and disagreeable day in the beginning of December, an Irishman said to a friend, Now upon my soul, the weather is so bad, the times are so bad, and I am so bad, that if the hanging month of November was not out,



fa h I would cut my throat' —  
 'My good fellow' replied his  
 friend, 'the hanging month of  
 November is not out, it is only a  
 change in the style' 'Oh, is it so?  
 then I'll change my style too,'

#### INTERESTED COMPASSION.

The celebrated duke de Roclore  
 (the favourite wit and buffoon of  
 Lewis XIV.) was in his person  
 very far from being agreeable: his  
 countenance was rather forbidding  
 and his person was awkward. A  
 nother nobleman, whose personal  
 beauty was even inferior to that of  
 Roclore, having killed his antago-  
 nist in a duel, applied to the duke  
 for his interest & protection, know-  
 ing it was the only channel through  
 which he could obtain a pardon.—  
 The duke readily engaged in his  
 friend's interest, and fairly rallied  
 the king into compliance. After  
 the king had finished his fit of  
 laughter, and given his royal pro-  
 mise, he added, 'But, for heaven's  
 sake, Roclore, what could induce  
 you to be so strenuous in this in-  
 tercession?' 'I will tell your ma-  
 jesty; if he had suffered, I then  
 should have been the ugliest man  
 in all France.'

#### LADY S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, October 10. 1812.

"Be it our task,  
 To note the passing tidings of the times

—00000000000000—

The City Inspector reports the death of  
 53 persons in this city and at Potter's

Field, from the 26th of September to  
 the 3d of October.

\*. A number of our Subscribers,  
 to the East and North part of the city,  
 having been neglected on Saturday the  
 3d & 10th inst was owing to the decep-  
 tion of the carrier, (an Indented Appren-  
 tice,) who run away on the above day,  
 while I was on duty at the fort.

As the next number closes the  
 15th volume of this work, the Editor  
 would wish, those, who has an inclina-  
 tion of discontinuing their Subscription,  
 to give him timely notice—Our Pat-  
 rons in the Country, (who wish to  
 discontinue) must give notice as soon  
 as possible to the Editor.

#### HORRID MURDER!

On the 22d July the family of Mrs  
 Herre Doucet, of the county of Opel-  
 ousas N. Orleans, (Mr. D. and his eld-  
 est son being absent from home) were  
 murdered by a young negro man a slave  
 on the plantation. The children had laid  
 down to take an afternoon's nap: Mad-  
 am Doucet was occupied in spinning &  
 had from the window observed the negro  
 sharpening a broad axe on the grindstone.  
 On enquiring what he was about, re-  
 ceived for an answer, in a very impudent  
 tone, that he was preparing to run away.  
 The fellow entered some time after with  
 his weapon, and advanced upon his mis-  
 tress with such rapidity that, notwith-  
 standing her alarm he instantly cleaved  
 open her skull, and then repeated his  
 blows across her face and in other direc-  
 tions, without her doing any more than  
 to scream as to waken her eldest daugh-  
 ter lying a sleep on the table in the same  
 room. The daughter flew as by instinct  
 to the aid of her mother, but only came  
 in time to receive the same fate. The

noise by this time produced, brought out of another room a young son who seeing the destruction dealing around, at once attempted his escape, but was pursued by the negro to the adjacent fence and there put to death.—The negro then returned to the house & murdered the little children in their sleep, and collected all the victims into one pile—He afterwards set out to catch the best horse on the plantation, apparently for the purpose of flight.—The horse being somewhat intractable carried him to the fence of a neighbour; and some one observing the fellow asked what he was doing with the horse; he replied that some Spaniards had come and murdered his mistress, &c. The enquirer and his companions immediately proposed to go to the house; and one of them more suspicious than the rest, thought proper to seize the negro, who after being detected in several falsehoods & finding particularly that no tracts after a recent shower of rain could be seen of the Spaniards, confessed his crime. He said that his father was a warrior, and that he had inherited the family courage—that what he had killed before he would not think of counting, but if they would only let him loose, he would let them see how many he could kill. The same haughtiness attended him through his trial and on his being sentenced to the gallows in two hours he appeared anxious to reach the spot, and when there would not wait for the cart to be drawn from under him, but told the bystanders to get out of his way and let him jump—which he did!!

←————→

### Married.

On Thursday evening the 1st inst. at Morsimers. N Y Mr. Robert Gilchrist of this city, to Miss Frances Vacher, of the former place.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Burk John Smith, to Miss Jane Wortendyke, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 3d inst. by the rev. Mr. Mildollar, Mr. William Du Bois, to Miss E. Chambers, all of this city

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Broadhead Dr. C. W. Eddy to Miss Cornelia C. Kissam daughter of the late Dr. Benjamin Kissam

At Newtown, L. I. on Tuesday evening last by the rev. Dr. How, the rev. Wm. E. Watt to Miss Frances Billopp, both of that place

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Moore Mr. James W. Shaw, to Miss Jane Youle, both of this city.

At New Haven, on the 23d ult. by the rev. Nathaniel Taylor, Marwin Gorham, esq. to the amiable Miss Sarah Fitch; and on the 24th ult. by the rev. Samuel Merwin W. Townsend esq. to the amiable Miss Harriet Ford, all of that city.

←————→

### Died.

On Monday morning last, after a short illness Antoinette Sherlock, wife of James Sherlock, aged 31 years.

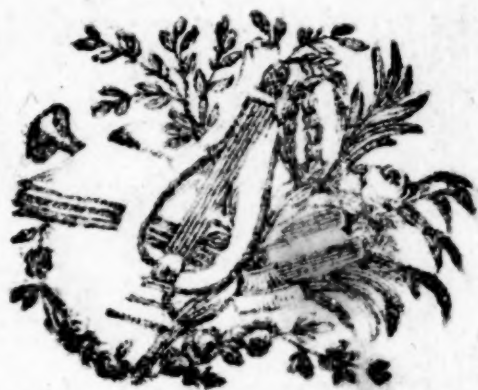
On Monday morning last. Mr. Benj. P. Beekman, aged 34 years

At Savannah on Tuesday the 15th ult. after a short but severe indisposition Dr. Nicholas Harwood, Surgeon in the United States Navy.

At Albany, on the 16th ult. Thomas A. Thompson, aged 38 years.

On Wednesday evening last, after a short illness, Major John Ripley.





*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### THE ORPHAN.

AN Orphan's woes I sing, ye Great at-  
tend;

Ye sons of folly, lend a listening ear,  
Draw nigh and tho' refusing to befriend,  
Sure woes like his will force one pity-  
ing tear.

No father o'er the babe complasent  
smil'd,

No tender mother clasp'd him to her  
breast

Hung fondly prattling o'er her darling  
child,

Sooth'd when awake, o' guarded while  
at rest.

His Sire (but ah! he never knew the  
name,

Ne'er knew the pleasures that the  
name bestows)

Snatch'd from his Consort—in the fields  
of fame

Fell bravely fighting 'gainst his Coun-  
try's foes.

Shocked by the fatal blow, his Mother  
died

Ere yet two moons she'd felt a mo-  
ther's throes;

Far happier he had Fate his life denied,  
And bade him with his kindred clay  
repose.

But heaven reserv'd for future ills & pain  
And Heaven's a witness he's enjoyed  
his share;

Toss'd to and fro o'er Life's tempestu-  
ous main,

Chill'd by each blast, and rack'd by  
every care

No relative his parent's loss supplied,  
Virtue to cherish, growing Vice re-  
strain;

His infant feet, his erring steps to guide,  
And curb his passions with a prudent  
rein.

None, when by youthful follies led astray,  
The friendly caution whisper'd in his  
ear;

His thoughts directed to a future day,  
By Hope encourag'd, or deter'd thro'  
fear.

Cheerless he roams, a prey to every woe,  
To Poverty, and all her meagre train;  
To every ill that human Life can know,  
Distracting care, and agonizing pain.

Thus fares some vessel by the tempest  
toss'd,

At night when not a star illumines the  
sky.

Unknowing how to steer (her pilot lost),  
The storm increasing & no succours  
nigh!

MISERICORDS.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### The SHEPHERD neglected.

Near the stream, which in musical mur-  
murs repin'd,

In a valley whose willows fetch'd sighs  
with the wind,

Thus a shepherd neglected was making  
his moan,

Oppress'd with the burthen which Love  
had laid on:

'Here my lambs full of frolic & pleasure  
I see!

But when is the day that brings pleasure  
to me?

My sheep ne'er regard me, but heedless-  
ly stray,

As if I'd more need of a keeper than  
they.

Gentle Cupid, some sense of soft pity  
bestow,

The painful delight, the agreeable woe,  
In the cold snowy breast of the fair on  
the hill.

And tell her, 'tis nobler to save than to  
kill.

ALIXIS.

### THE SOLDIER'S SONG OF DEATH.

*By Robert Burns.*

Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth,  
and ye skies,

Now gay with the broad setting sun;  
Farewell Love and Friendship, ye dear  
tender ties,

Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's  
gloomy foe,

Go, frighten the coward and slave;  
Go teach them to tremble, fell Tyrant!—  
but know,

No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks  
in the dark

Nor saves even the wreck of a name;  
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glori-  
ous mark,

He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In fields of proud honor—our swords in  
our hand,

Our Freedom & Country to save—  
While victory shines on the life's ebbing  
sands,

Oh! who would not die with the brave?

### FRAGMENT OF A COLLEGE EXERCISE

'Tis writ in sun-beams,—all can read  
and know

Man was not born for happiness below;  
Round every heart some serpent ill will  
coil,

The weeds of misery spring from every  
soil

Be humbled, pride; fond man, behold  
disease

Laugh in the sun beam—triumph in the  
breeze;

The land we ill, Pactolian streams might  
lave,

And all our wealth be light to bribe the  
grave;

But why should sadness shroud the soul  
in gloom;

Folly may fly and guilt may dread the  
tomb,

While modest joy the humble heart sup-  
plies,

And conscious virtue neither sinks nor  
flies.

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